

THE FOUR VOICES.

By Robert Brown Beard, who is said to have seen
Of winters and summers some thirty-and-seven.
Tripped lightly Gold Tresses, of sweet seven-teen.
The fairest creature on this side of Heaven.
"How pleasant the evening breezes that stir
The rustling leaves, as the woods grow dim!"
Such aimless words spoke his lips to her:
But his heart was muttering low to him:
"Oh, that the summer of life were spring!
Oh, to have found her long summers ago!
Is it yet too late? Would this sweet young thing
Give the hope of her youth to me? No, ah, no!"
"Yes, pleasant it is, when the woods grow dim."
To hear the sound of the leaves that stir!
Such trivial words said her lips to him:
But her heart was whispering low to her:
"Is there ever a man like the man that I see—
A man like the Bayard of ages ago?
He thinks me childish and foolish: ah, me!
Could he really care for me? No, ah, no!"
Quoth his lips: "Good night, you now are home."
Prayed his heart: "God love her, whose ever she be!"
Said her lips: "Good night, you now are home."
Sighed her heart: "No, he never could never love me!"
—Truth.

FROM COO ROCK.

BY MAY D. HATCH.

It was variously designated the "Turtleback," the "Turtle-dove," and sometimes merely the "Dove." The old salts of the island knew it only as the Turtleback rock, named for its decided resemblance to the shining brown shell of a monster tortoise protruding from the water; but a account of its charming security for a tete-a-tete and for the appreciation it met with from those who were strong enough swimmers to enjoy its advantages the name which had been given to it for its crustacean likeness was usually perverted into the simple, melodious appellation: "Coo rock." Indeed, so general had this term become that even the venerable guests of the Shawkemo house, discussing the tide which covered it pretty well at the full, would call it so in all seriousness, possibly confusing it, mentally spelled with a K, with the various Indian names with which the island abounded, or believing it had reference, spelled with a C, to the gentle lapping of the waves about it.

It was Monday morning. Most of the men who had come to spend Sunday on the island had returned to town, three hours distant by rail; and, although the day was exquisitely clear and beautiful and the bay rejoiced in a thousand shifting blues in the sunshine, the bathers were few—a half dozen boys at the school age turning back-somersaults off the float, some children paddling around in the wet sand with their clothes tucked up behind out of the wet like cock feathers, and a staid matron or two near shore, mildly bobbing up and down in a flannel and bathers' hats.

As Marie Trask walked down the float for her morning plunge she nodded to the boys, looked out over the water, and sat down a moment on the edge to try its temperature. She felt a little lonely, a little depressed; she swung her feet—irreproachable in size, in shape, and in black silk stockings—lazily in the water, and meditated.

She was a comely object for the water to reflect; a trim, stately, girlish figure in a well-fitting black bathing suit, her blonde skin browned by the outdoor life she was leading, her eyes clear gray, a small nose which had a tendency to be Roman, a sweet, happy month that was quick to smile and show the white teeth that had not yet lost their baby unevenness at the edges, and, crowning all, her sunny blonde hair not so much of it, but it crinkled and rippled over her head in such a fashion that no one came near her but wanted to lay a hand on it and smooth it down a bit, just to feel how soft and silky it was.

She looked over toward the rock; it was quite a distance out in the little harbor, and the tide ran rapidly there at the turn. It was about full now, but it would be slack water for some time yet, and she thought she would try it. She had been out there often, but never alone. She was a strong swimmer for a girl, and destitute of fear; but always before to-day there had been someone to go with her.

She slipped off the float; the water was perfectly clear and just cooler than the air. With strong, quiet strokes she started for the rock as a goal; half-way out she grew a little tired, floated a few minutes to rest, and then swam on. It seemed much further than usual; but always before she had been diverted on the way with many converse, or given a friendly hand if she were tired. At last she reached it, pulled herself eagerly up to the highest bulging point of the rock, and gave a sigh of satisfaction. She turned her back to the shore and looked out at the hill-clasped harbor.

What a perfect day it was! She was irritated with herself for being blue, but how could she help it when other people made idiots of themselves? What a stupid thing for her not to have looked through the book, anyway, before she had sent it to him; but at least she had discovered in time what a jealous, doubting friend she had almost consented to marry. She remembered every word of the letter she had found waiting for her that morning. It ran:

"DEAR MARIE: When you loaned me Dobson's poems last night, I do not think you knew you had left the enclosed verses in the book. Perhaps I should not have read them (certainly he should not, Marie thought), but I have done so. They say that a woman's instinct is quick to rush at the truth: a man has that instinct when he loves. By the signature, 'Jack,' I knew at once they were from Jack Edgerton, and that he must have written them to you when you left the Edgerton camp three weeks ago. Only three weeks! It surprised me to think he had the right to say such things to you such a little while ago, and—yes, and you have let me believe you loved me."

"I am going to leave on the 8:10 this morning. I cannot bear to stop to say good-by. Yours, JACK."

And the verses—"Dear Eyes," they were called:
"So many eyes meet mine each day—
Ears and tender, and eyes that smile,
Or dark without hope, and all the while
I think of you who have gone away."

"I long to look in your eyes, dear,
Your eyes that speak to my soul until
The cry of earth's loneliness grows still
As I draw you so near, so near."

She had never known Jack could make a rhyme till these verses had come to her. Dear, honest Jack! how sorry he would be if he knew all the trouble he had brought about! No, she could scarcely hold him responsible for her present discomfort—it was all her own carelessness; and the next time she indulged in the exchange of literature she would shake the volume to its foundations to exercise all lurking imps that might do her ill. One is so apt to tuck things away in a book and then forget all about them. Yet, after all, he might have given her a chance to explain.

She was aroused from her reverie by the soft rush of waters parted by the even stroke of strong arms. Marie turned her head shoreward; a man was rapidly swimming toward her. The head looked very familiar, but he had written her he was going on the eight ten. A few more strokes and there was no doubt of his identity; she turned her gaze again out to sea. He clambered up on the rock beside her. He was a superb creature, with limbs bronze and shining as one of Gerome's Arabs. He looked like some radiant river god with a dash of water on his chestnut hair, his eyes as blue as the morning sea, and with that beauty in his face that comes from conscious strength and kindliness and the glory of youth and vigorous, overflowing life. "Good-morning, Marie."

She had not yet looked at him, but she met his gaze now with a half smile. "I thought you were going on the eight ten."

"I started," he answered, "crossed the ferry, went to the station, and came back. Why did you come out here alone? You should have known better, the tide is running out now, and the swim back will be a hard pull all the way."

"I am quite capable of taking care of myself," she answered, somewhat stiffly, "and if you are afraid of the tide you would better go in at once."

He was astonished to find her adopting an injured tone; if anyone had a right to be hurt, he surely was the one to enjoy the privilege of that position. He looked at her despairingly; the little curls, dried by the sun and wind, beamed maddeningly. He forgot his grievance for a moment.

"When Venus came ashore on the waves," he said, keeping his eyes on the curls, "Zephyrus blew her there, and before he left her he hovered about and kissed her until her hair, which she had wet, was dry and shining like silk; but it always kept the crinkle the motion of the waves had given it, and all true daughters of Venus have inherited that ripple of the waves ever since. That is the story I always think of," he finished, seeking now her clear gray eyes, "when I see your hair in the sun, Marie."

She laughed gayly. "It seems to me some one else is dipping into poetry besides poor Jack."

His brow darkened. "Don't make a joke of it," he said; "the blood has been boiling in my veins ever since I read it. I don't blame Jack for loving you, nor for writing it to you. I ought not to have read it; but the thought of his having his arm about you, as it clearly implies, and that you have cared for him, perhaps care for him still, has driven me almost beside myself. If you have any pity for me tell me the truth, or let me go."

"You may go," she spoke coldly; "I will not keep you."

"See; we are here," he said, "under the free sky, with the pure clear water, all about us, close to honest nature, and life would be so good to me if—there always to be an if—if only I knew the truth and that it is not what I thought—that you do not care for him."

"I am very fond indeed of Jack; and as for the verses, I think they are charming, and that any girl should be happy to inspire a man like that."

Darrell groaned. "You are more frivolous than I believed, and you have not been true to either of us."

"I think I will swim in," she said. She slipped off the rock and struck out for the shore. He followed her silently, keeping his eyes upon her, for the tide was making hard out to sea.

"Don't try and buck against the tide," he called; "let it carry you down. Just swim for the shore; you waste your strength that way." He was swimming close beside her now.

"If I needed it," she asked, "would you be strong enough to tow me in?" He laughed grimly. "Try me," he answered.

He took both her hands in his, swimming easily on his back; to this healthy young giant her added weight was nothing. They went rushing through the water at what seemed a terrific rate of speed to the girl whose endurance had already been taxed by the swimming, and the sense of security and strength it gave her was a delicious relief.

At last they reached the float; the little boys were tearing up and down the sand doing jumping "stunts." She let go of his hands and he lifted her easily to the float. She was quite pale; perhaps there had been some nervous strain in her unusual exertion.

"Don't you feel well?" he asked, as he stood beside her, taking long, deep breaths after his exertion.

She put out a small, wet hand to him which he gladly took in his own damp grasp. "I should never have gotten in alone," she said, catching her breath a little, "so I cannot be horrid to you any more. That book belonged to my Cousin Mollie, but she does not want to announce her engagement to Jack till the fall."—Demorest's Magazine.

—The increase of wealth in this country proportioned to population was greatest between 1850 and 1860.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

GOOD ROADS CRUSADE.

Facts and Figures Collected by the League of American Wheelmen.

The racing man and his many troubles have been attracting so much attention of late there is a tendency to forget the League of American Wheelmen has anything more serious to occupy its time. The fact remains that racing and the matters pertaining thereto are but a side issue and have little or nothing to do with the actual business of the league. The league, which was formed in 1880, had been in existence but a short time when it discovered the roads of this country were vastly inferior to those of other countries. In view of the fact that bicycle riding was poor sport on any but the best of roads the league took up the matter of arousing interest in the question. Starting with a purely selfish motive the subject has grown till now the league is pledged to all of its vast membership to continue the agitation till success shall crown the efforts to secure favorable legislative action on the question.

In order that the movement might prove a success the farmer had to be interested, as he it was the principal burden of the improvement would fall upon. At the outset the wheelmen were unfortunate enough to incur the dislike and antagonism of the rural element through the fact that the courts had to be resorted to in order to decide that the wheel was a vehicle and entitled to a share of the road. The farmer contended that the bicycles scared his horses, and as a result they were greatly opposed to allowing the rights of the road to the advocates of the new method of transportation. The matter was fully settled in the courts, and in a number of instances the misguided farmer was compelled to pay for the machine that his wrath had impelled him to drive over. This state of affairs naturally led the farmer to believe the wheelman his natural enemy, with the result the good roads agitation met with scant courtesy.

That good roads are for the benefit of the farmers as much or even more than any other class, was a fact that had then to be demonstrated to the satisfaction of the tiller of the soil. Progress in this line has been slow, but at last matters appear to be progressing nicely, and the chances are the near future will see a great movement in favor of road improvement. The poor condition of American roads arises from a number of causes. The country is newer and less densely populated than the farming districts of Europe. As a result, each of the rural residents is responsible for a greater amount of roadway than is his foreign cousin. Another and potent factor in the present state of affairs lies not in the total neglect of the highways, but because a great deal of labor that is now put on the roads is not applied in a manner calculated to produce the best results. Every community has laws requiring a certain amount of labor to be expended on the roads each year. This labor seems to consist in scraping the mud from the sides of the road and piling it up as high as possible in the center, thus forcing the teams to drive in the ditch to either side till the road is gradually beaten down to the center again. Were the same amount of labor expended each year in building gravel roads the result would be miles and miles of valuable turnpike in the course of a few years.

There is no manner in which money can be applied for improvement on farming property that will pay larger alone would be \$30,000,000. Prof. Elmer holds that poor roads cost the farmer \$15 per horse.

The truth of the facts as they are set forth by the league is rapidly being realized by the farmers with the result that each year adds to the list of converts, till now the time seems nearly at hand when the entire country will enter into an era of scientific road building.—Chicago Tribune.

SKILL IN THE DAIRY.

How One May Succeed Under Any and All Circumstances.

In producing a pound of butter, says Prof. Robertson, there are 66 times more room for skill than in the production of 1 pound of potatoes. Dairying offers a man the best chance for putting his skill into money. The object of the butter-maker is to get the fat out of the milk with as little of the other constituents in the milk as possible. In every 100 pounds of butter there should be about 13 pounds of water, 82 pounds of butter fat, 3 pounds of salt and 2 pounds of the other constituents in the milk. A cow is not a machine, but a living organism, and therefore will not give a different product because she takes different food. The food does not affect the blood of a cow, from which milk is largely formed. Food will affect the quality of the milk sometimes by changing the composition of the fat itself. If the quantity of fat is not affected the volatile fats from the food will become part of the fat in the milk, and give its peculiar flavor to the milk. These volatile flavors can be expelled by heating milk or cream to 120 degrees. The case with which cream may be separated from the milk sometimes depends upon the kind of food a cow takes. Cows for making butter should be handled under such conditions as will give them perfect repose. Cleanliness should be strictly observed. Impure air of the stable will affect the milk, and ensilage will not injure the milk when fed to cows. When cows have been milking a long period or have been overheated, or without salt, the milk will become sticky and prevent a complete separation of the cream. By having a few fresh-calving cows milk to mix with the milk of cows that have been milking a long time, a better quality of butter can be made. Keep the cream sweet and cold, and use a suitable fermentation starter, and you will get a quality of butter in January as good as the quality of June butter. If cream is properly tempered, a temperature of from 45 to 58 will be suitable for churning, and 45 minutes will be long enough to get butter.—Prairie Farmer.

Money Value of Good Roads.

As an illustration of the importance of good roads it is stated that in Union county, N. J., the farming lands have increased in value an average of \$200 per acre owing to the improved system of road construction. An engineer recently calculated that the annual cost of bad roads in Virginia was no less than \$4,375,463.91. This he charges to interest on the depreciation of land, additional cost of hauling, depreciation of vehicles and depreciation of horses. This amount of money, he adds, would cover the expense of building 1,710 miles of the best macadam roads each year.—N. Y. Sun.

A comparison of values shows that the land in the improved counties has an average value of \$21.28 an acre, while that in the mud district is valued at \$12.97 an acre. The total assessment on

behalf of roads has been \$3.55 for each \$100 valuation in the improved counties, while those districts that have spent their money in piling the mud up in the center of the roads a couple of times a year have saved 43 cents on each \$100, an amount that has in all likelihood been spent many times over in horses and repairs to wagons and harness made necessary by the awful condition of the roads during several months of the year. The average cost of constructing gravel roads is variously estimated at from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per mile, according to the locality. Dirt roads require two-thirds of that sum to keep in repair for ten years, while the former method, it is figured, adds \$10 an acre to the value of the property.

The increase in the value of the property is not the only return that a farmer gets from his investment in good roads. Gen. Stone, of the federal department of agriculture, has found three independent estimates which place the yearly loss to farmers in the United States from bad roads at about \$600,000,000, equivalent to \$1 an acre annually. Capitalized at 5 per cent, this amount if saved would increase the value of farm land \$20 an acre, or a total increase of \$12,000,000,000. As the total value of all farms is about \$20,000,000,000 this would be an increase of 50 per cent in their value. As the total annual value of farm products is only \$2,600,000,000, one-fourth of its value is lost through bad roads.

Comparisons have also been made with foreign countries. The English horse does twice the work of the American horse, the French horse three times the work; not because they are better horses, but because they travel better roads. Mr. Wollen estimates the annual cost of maintaining a horse at \$100. If only one-fourth of the horses in Illinois could be spared, instead of one-half or two-thirds as in England or France, the annual saving in horse maintenance for this state



A HILL ON THE ROAD BETWEEN ST. LOUIS AND WASHINGTON, MO.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

—A theatrical manager had considerable trouble with his star actor, who was constantly meeting with accidents or falling sick. One day, as the story goes, the star was hurt in a boiler explosion. When the manager heard of it he remarked to his agent: "I am sick of this sort of thing. Advise him, as usual, and add that we intend bringing out a new piece, in which the great star, Mr. D., will appear in several parts."—Truth.

Small Fry Swindlers.

Some of the meanest of these are they who seek to trade upon and make capital out of the reputation of the greatest of American tones, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by imitating its outward guise. Reputable druggists, however, will never foist upon you as genuine Hostetter's Bitters, or substitute for this sovereign remedy for malaria, rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint and nervousness. Demand, and if the dealer be honest, you will get the genuine article.

We know a nice, compact little bull-terrier that will insert a whole set of teeth for nothing, and be glad of the job. Each tooth warranted sound and good. We make this announcement in the interest of our readers, without fee or reward.

Don't Drag Your Feet.

Many men do because the nerve centers, weakened by the long-continued use of tobacco, become so affected that they are weak, tired, listless, etc. All this can be easily overcome if the tobacco use is quit and gain manhood, nerve power, and enjoy the good things of life. Take No-To-Bac. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

"I often endeavor to encourage young writers," said the editor, "by accepting stuff that is utterly unavailable." "But isn't that rather expensive?" "Oh no. We pay on publication."—Harper's Bazar.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

What title will Baron de Worms take? Viscount Chrysalis? to end by becoming Le Duc de Papillon?—Punch.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Fisk's Cure for Consumption. LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, September 16, 1895.	
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	\$ 4.50 @ 5.25
COTTON—Midling.....	25 @ 28
WHEAT—Winter Wheat.....	2.15 @ 2.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	2.75 @ 2.80
CORN—No. 2.....	27 1/2 @ 28
OATS—No. 2.....	20 @ 21
POKE—New Mess.....	10 1/2 @ 12 1/2
CATTLE—Shipping.....	
BOGS—Fair to Choice.....	4.00 @ 5.00
WHEAT—Fair to Choice.....	2.75 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	2.75 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Mixed.....	2.75 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....	2.75 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Hard.....	2.75 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Soft.....	2.75 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2 White.....	2.75 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Yellow.....	2.75 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Green.....	2.75 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Black.....	2.75 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Blue.....	2.75 @ 2.80
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